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THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIE.
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The plea of insanity has permitted many a scoundrel to go unwhipped of justice, but the design to ride the same hobby failed in a recent case in this village through the cuteness of a medical committee. As the facts come to our ears, they are these: Hugh Holt, indicted for horse-stealing, was imprisoned till Court. During this time he acted out insanity, and demeaned himself more like a brute than a human being. This gave plausibility to the story. The Solicitor—J. P. Reno, Esq., is up to all such dodges, and resists the pulling of wool over his eyes. He therefore sent a competent medical board to make a survey of the wrecked mind. After talking with the unfortunate lunatic, and hearing his incoherent gibberish, with a wink and a nod to each other, they gave audible expression to their opinion that he was a hopeless case of "mind diseased," and duty required them to report him fit only for the rigors of the Lunatic Asylum—the horrors of which were expatiated upon with no dull face. The description given of the place, to which they were unwilling to send any being wearing the human form, conjured up terrors and terrors, in the attent ears of Holt, little short of the infernal regions, and operated upon by his fears, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I swear I'm no more crazy than you are!" They assured him of their concurrence in this opinion; and after trial, he was duly convicted of abetment of horse-stealing.

GEN. WILLIAM WALKER.

Gen. Walker, in virtue of success, is so near becoming a hero, that it will be safe, perhaps, to take the fact for granted, and give his biography. Until his advent before Sumner, in the fall of 1853, his life had been comparatively uneventful, and its incidents are sufficiently set forth in the following extract from the Washington Union:
"The writer of this article has known Wm. Walker from his childhood, and has it, therefore, within his power to correct any errors which prevail with regard to him. He is a native of Kentucky. William, the eldest of his children, is about thirty-three or four years of age, is of rather diminutive stature, white hair, fair complexion, much amused on the cheeks and about the eyes with freckles, gray eyes, and a countenance, on the whole, calm, firm and unimpassioned. His voice is decidedly nasal, but, being that of the children, his manners are unexceptionably quiet and reserved, if not awkward, but when in company with intimate friends, and when interested in any subject, he wakes up, and his whole appearance generally becomes animated and cheerful. At school and college Walker was most taciturn and studious; he was particularly proficient in mathematics and the exact sciences, and on his graduation at the University of Nashville, he went to Edinburgh, where he spent the school of medicine, and afterwards attended lectures on that science at Paris, and then traveled over a considerable portion of middle and southern Europe. On his return to Nashville he found that neither his health nor his temperament fitted him for the life of a physician, and came to this city with the intention of studying law and obtaining admittance to the bar. He pursued his studies for some time, and was admitted to practice, but a war, we think, and any very arduous attempts to advance in the profession. Shortly afterwards he became connected with the Crescent, and devoted himself with great earnestness and zeal to his editorial labors. The experiment did not, however, prove so fortunate as he had expected, and he therefore gave it up, and followed the example of many other adventurous and ambitious spirits, by going to California. It was there he was also for awhile connected with the press, and at the period of the descent upon Sumner, which he made with a handful of followers, he was, if we have not been misinformed, again giving his back to the bar. However ill-fated and unfortunate that adventure may be regarded by many, all will agree that so far as his history has transpired, Walker displayed indomitable nerve and heroism in the midst of the sternest difficulties."

THE WHEELBARROW POLITICAL YAGNER.—BOSTON, Nov. 7.—Major Benjamin Peirce, the late Illinois candidate for Congress in the 6th district, arrived in the city this afternoon with his wheelbarrow and barrel of apples, which he had wheeled all the way from Newburyport, a distance of thirty-six miles in half a day. The job was in fulfillment of a bet with Colonel Barbank, the Fremont State Senator, that Fillmore would get more votes in Massachusetts than Fremont. The Major wheeling his apples was escorted by State troops, and a military band. A number of Fillmore clubs of Boston and Charlestown, a military company and a mounted avalanche of citizens. The majority of the performance collected many thousands of people, and the Major was greeted with tremendous and tumultuous applause on all sides. He delivered the apples to Colonel Barbank on the steps of the Fremont House, where both gentlemen delivered congratulatory speeches, mounted on the barrel. Ten thousand people were present.

When the Know Nothing rowdies tried to shout down Governor Willard, at Lexington, Kentucky, on the 23d ult., the Governor said he could excuse them all, they were only mad with him because he beat up abolitionists. This remark, taken in connection with the recommendation of Prentice, to the Fillmore men of Indiana, to vote for Morton, must have been a very cutting one to all honorable members of the American party. The idea of insulting, in Kentucky, the man who, in Indiana, beat the fanatic who uttered that famous incendiary declaration, "that he would rather see the Ohio river flow with blood, than one fugitive slave should be returned;" what can be the matter with Kentucky and Kentuckians, "that such things can be?" Cincinnati Enquirer.

SLAVERY IN NICARAGUA.—President Walker, of Nicaragua, has issued a decree declaring null and void all laws and decrees of the Federal Constituent Assembly, as well as of the Federal Congress, adopted previous to 1855. Among the decrees thus repealed, is an act of the Federal Constituent Assembly of the 17th of April, 1824, abolishing slavery in Central America. The repeal of the statute revives the original laws, and therefore the right to hold slaves is acknowledged by the government of Nicaragua.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

J. G. Kohl, of the United States Coast Survey, is preparing a work, in three volumes, on the ancient and modern names with which the regions, countries, territories, and States along the coast of the North American Union have been designated, and communicates to the National Intelligencer a brief abstract. From that we extract what relates to Carolina and Georgia:

CAROLINA.

When the Spaniards, under Vesques Ayllon (1530 and 1536), arrived on the coast of what we now call Carolina, and more especially South Carolina, they heard here of a great Indian king and country, both called *Chicora* or *Chicoria*, and they applied that Indian name for some time to this country, without, however, giving to it any distinct limits.

The country was also sometimes called after its discoverer, *Tierra del Licenciado Ayllon*, or shorter, *Tierra de Ayllon*, often also corrupted to *Terra de Aullon*. Under this name the Spaniards comprehended sometimes a very great part of North America, and sometimes a more restricted province. It is curious enough that the French also, when they (1563) arrived at the locality of Ayllon's that name. In their ears it sounded, however, like *Chicora* (Chicoria).

At the French navigations to these regions we hear the country sometimes designated by the French themselves with the name *La Floride Francaise*, and other nations also called it *French Florida*. The Spaniards, of course, always considered it as a part of the Spanish Florida.

The French built on their Riviere May (St. Mateo or St. John's river) a fort which they called Fort Carolina or Carolina. Some map-makers and geographers applied this name, as an appellation of a country or territory, to the whole region. So we see, for instance, on a map of North America by Cornelius Jaubert, (1593,) the whole French Florida called *Carolina*, in honor of Charles IX. King of France. It is curious that the same name was afterwards given to the same locality in honor of an Englishman.

The English, after their settlements at Roanoke, comprehended the whole territory of Carolina under their widely-extended name of Virginia, since 1583.

The country round Albemarle Sound, our present North Carolina, they called sometimes on their maps with the original Indian name *Wigandaoa* or also *Wepemeco*, and afterwards sometimes *Old Virginia*.

The south of Roanoke and Albemarle Sound the English tried to establish a province or colony for the first time in the year 1629, when Sir Robert Heath, Attorney-General to Charles I., obtained from this King a grant of the whole unknown country between 33 deg. north latitude and the equator, and when this country was called, in honor of Charles I., *Carolina*.

This grant had, however, very slight consequences. The country was not settled, not taken possession of, not even surveyed or explored.

In the year 1653 Charles II. made another grant of the south of Roanoke and Albemarle Sound north latitude to Edward Earl of Clarendon, and other lords and gentlemen, and this tract was again called in his honor *Carolina*, so that we may say we have three Kings as godfathers to this province. Charles II. of France, Charles I. of England, and Charles II. of Spain.

By a second more ample charter of the 24th of March, 1667, Charles II. extended the boundaries of Carolina from 29 deg. north latitude to 36 deg. 30 min., and from east to west "until the Pacific Ocean."

The country was divided into two great countries, a northern one, called "The County of Albemarle," and a Southern one, called "Clarendon County." In the same year (1667) William Sayle, the appointed Governor of Carolina, explored and surveyed the whole coast of the province, entering all the rivers and making astronomical observations. He no doubt also prepared a map of the country to be made, but unfortunately this map is not preserved for us. Probably the first map of the first general survey of the coast of Carolina, were not then made known to the world at large; for we find still, on the edition of Champlain's maps of the year 1677, along the coast of Carolina this inscription: "Terrae nunc incertae hinc decurrit continens la Florida;" (a land not yet well discovered is connected with Florida.)

In the year 1729 the whole great province was divided into North and South Carolina, and as the dividing point on the coast was fixed a small inlet to the west of Cape Fear, called Little River inlet.

In the year 1733 the province of Georgia was detached as a separate government of the old Territory of Carolina, and the southern boundaries of this latter were fixed at the mouth of the Savannah River, and within these boundaries the name of Carolina has been prescribed ever since.

According to what we stated we may in a certain degree consider the names of *Wigandaoa*, *Wepemeco*, *Old Virginia*, *Albemarle County*, as old particular designations for North Carolina, and the names of *Chicora*, *Terra de Ayllon*, *Florida Francaise*, *Clarendon County*, as particular appellations applied to South Carolina.

RELIGION IN AMERICA.—It is estimated by the Rev. Dr. Baird, that including the Roman Catholic priests and the Unitarian, Universalist, and other heterodox preachers, there is in the United States one preacher for every 810 souls. The average salary of these preachers is \$500 per year. More than 1000 new church edifices are erected every year. Dr. Baird also estimates that 18,000,000 of the 30,500,000 people in the United States in 1855, were under the instruction and influence of the "Evangelical" churches; and 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 under the influence of the "non-evangelical" bodies, of which the Roman Catholic is by far the most numerous. The total cost of publishing the word of God in the United States, annually, is set down at \$25,000,000.

FREMONT FOR 1856.—The New Haven (Conn.) Palladium has come into the ranks for Fremont in 1856, and says:
"Let the organization, so recently begun, be perfected in every State, and although without the power of the General Government, we shall, nevertheless, have the power to lead the enemies of Fremont firmly in check, and be ready to make a finish of them in the short period of four years. General Jackson failed of an election when he was first nominated. He had but 99 votes out of 361. The next time he had 182 out of 261." The Young Men's Central Union of New York have adopted resolutions in favor of supporting John C. Fremont and William L. Dayton as the Republican candidates for 1856.

MARY GORING.

CONCLUDED.

A lady and her son sat one day in the morning room of the former, in a hand some house of a fashionable square of London. Marks of agitation were on both countenances. To little wonder for she and her husband had united together in forbidding that son's marriage, having previously consented to it. A most reluctant consent. The young lady, an orphan, was not his equal, they said; and that was true, for she possessed but a few hundred pounds. But in point of family she was not inferior to them, all being sprung from the middle classes of society, and her education and beauty would not have disgraced the highest rank in the kingdom. They had risen in the world, and achieved good fortune; wealth had been bequeathed to them; and the husband, a physician, was in a lucrative practice. Moreover, he had knelt before her majesty Dr. Elliot, and had risen up Sir Thomas. So when the attachment of their son first became known to Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot, they, with inward reproof and outward ungraciousness, gave a reluctant consent, and for a few weeks William Elliot and his betrothed were the happiest of the happy. But then unpleasant circumstances came to their knowledge, touching on the character of the late Dr. Goring, the young lady's father, and Sir Thomas and his wife instantly rescinded their unwilling consent, and ordered their son to break off the negotiations. So, on the day this was finally communicated to him, there he sat in his mother's boudoir, in a state of rebellion, indignantly remonstrating. Never, until now, had William Elliot been roused to indignation against his parents, for he was a dutiful son, and fondly attached to them.

"Why persist in attributing our conduct to caprice, when we are only actuated by a desire for your honor and happiness?" urged Lady Elliot. "There is no help for it, William. You cannot marry one whose father's name was stained with sin."

"I have made it my business to inquire the particulars of the prejudice against Dr. Goring," returned Mr. Elliot. "When my father stated last night what he had heard at Middlebury, I determined to seek out a fellow I know, who comes from there. Stone his name is; he is reading for the bar; his chambers are contiguous to mine, in Lincoln's Inn. I have been with him this morning, and heard the details of the affair, perhaps more fully than my father did, and I would stake my life on Dr. Goring's innocence."

"As if a London law student, young and credulous like yourself, could know anything of such particulars!" slightly spoke Lady Elliot.

"He was at home when it happened," retorted William, his pale but handsome face flushing with pain at his mother's tone. "His father, Stone of Middlebury, was so licentious to Dr. Goring; they lived within a few doors of each other; the families were on terms of intimacy, and young Stone knows all, even to the minute details. Do not cast ridicule on what I say, mother. Dr. Goring was a cruelly aspersed man."

"No," said her ladyship.

"Yes," persisted Mr. Elliot. "Were I a perfectly uninterested party, I should say the same. I look at the facts dispassionately, and my reason tells me so."

"How very obstinate you are, William! Do you dispute that Mrs. Goring died the death she did?"

"No. On that point, unhappily, there is no room to doubt."

"Or that some one residing in the house must have dealt the death to her?"

"So it would seem."

"Then who was the person?"

"Not her husband. There was another."

"The governess. But Dr. Goring afterwards made that woman his second wife. Was there no crime, no dishonor in that, William?"

William Elliot sat silent, his brow contracting. "He cannot be defended there; it was an unseemly connexion; but Dr. Goring never would, or did, credit ought against her. I tell you what, mother—had you and Sir Thomas not been so severely averse to our marriage, yourselves, I should never have had Dr. Goring's conduct brought up as a plea against it."

"You are prejudiced and unjust," said Lady Elliot. "If we argue till night we shall not agree."

"In defiance," she repeated, "of your father and mother! In defiance!"

"I am sorry that they drive me to it." For several minutes Lady Elliot's agitation had been increasing, and it appeared, now, to rise beyond control. Two crimson spots shone on her pale cheeks, her slight frame shook, as with agitation, and her hands were cold and moist as she grasped those of her son.

"Listen, William," she said; "I will tell you a painful tale. You may have gathered something of it in your boyhood, but not its details. Will you listen! Or are you going to despise even my words?"

"My dear mother! You know I will listen—in all reverence. If you would but afford me the opportunity to be reverent in all things!"

"It was a happy girl at home. My mother died, and then I owed my father a double duty. I was but a child, barely eighteen, when a young man, handsome, William, as you are now, was introduced to us. He was extravagant, random; but he loved me, and that was all I cared for. Our attachment became known to my father. He deemed this gentleman no eligible match for me; he doubted his ability, in many ways, to render me happy; and he put a stop to our meetings. He forbade me to think more of him; he said if I did, in spite of his veto, pursue the acquaintance, he would discard me from his house forever. On the other side, the friends were equally averse to it, and his parents bid him, though in all kindness, shrink from the fruits of disobedience. His father, a clergyman, begged of him not to brave it; he told him that deliberate disobedience to a parent was surely visited on a child's head. Happy for us both had we attended to their counsel; but youth, in its ardor, sees not things as they are; in after years, when sobriety, experience, judgment have come to them, they look back and marvel at their blindness. We, he and I—oh, William! that I should have such an avowal to make to you! set your parents' interdiction at naught, and I ran away from my home with him to become his wife. That man was Thomas Elliot, your father."

She was excessively excited. Her son would have begged of her not to disturb herself, but she waved away his interruption.

"We gloried in having deceived them. Not so much for the deceit, in itself—we had not quite descended to that—as that we had outdone our own will. But, William, how did it work! How does such sin always work?"

"She paused as if she waited for an answer. He did not speak.

"Look abroad in society and watch the results: scan narrowly all those who have thus rebelliously entered upon their own career. Sooner or later, more or less bitterly, retribution comes home to them. It may rarely be attributed to its right cause, even by themselves, and many there are who would laugh at what I am now saying. None have had the cause, that I have, to note these things; and it is from long experience, from repeated and repeated instances I have witnessed of the confirmation of my opinion, that my firm conviction has been formed. Some are visited through poverty—some in their children—some in themselves, in their unhappy life. We, William, had a taste of all. In the early years of our union, it was one struggle to live; perhaps you remember, yet, our pinches and contrivances. My children did not save you, one after another; and she, Clara, who remained to us"—Lady Elliot sunk her voice to a whisper—"were better off had she followed them. I and he whom I loved had no mutual happiness, for we found that we were as unsuited to each other as man and wife can be. My father never forgave me; so for his remaining years, I was in a state of banishment from home. Thus I have dragged through life, in trouble upon trouble pursuing me, and the consciousness of my sin ever haunting me. William, before you talk of marrying Mary Goring, you should know what it is to brave, and live under a parent's curse."

William Elliot did not reply, but his face wore a look of keen anxiety.

"At morning, at the sun's rising, at evening, when it sets; in the nervousness of the dark night; in the glare of mid-day, was my disobedience present to me. Heavily, heavily it pressed upon me. I would have forfeited all I possessed in life, even my remaining years, to have redeemed it; and William—I prayed to God that he would in mercy keep my children from committing the like sin."

Lady Elliot paused for breath, and her face, a sufficiently young face still, in years, was blanched, and her eyes were strained on her son.

"I prayed it as the greatest mercy that could then be accorded me; I have never ceased praying for it. William, will you, my ever-loving and dutiful boy, be the one to set that prayer at naught?"

No answer. His lips were white as her own.

"You were my first born—my first and dearest. In you rest all the hope left to me; what other comfort have I in life! I have said to myself, now and then, 'The closing years of my existence shall be brighter than the earlier ones, for my darling son shall be my stay and solace!' Oh, William, William! give me your promise now! I kneel to beg it. Say that you will never marry without our consent."

The lines of his pale face were working; it seemed that he would speak, but could not. Lady Elliot had shrunk down at his feet, and would not rise.

"If you bring upon yourself this same wretched fate, which has been our bane, I shall never know another moment's peace. I shall repine that you did not die in infancy; I shall wish, more than I have ever done, that I may die, and be at rest from the trouble and care of this weary world. William, it is your mother who pleads to you. Promise that you will never marry in disobedience."

How could he resist such pleading—he, with duty and affection implanted in his

heart by nature, and hitherto fondly cherished! It was not possible. "Mother, I promise it," he uttered, "as long as you and my father shall live. After that—"

"After that! Nay, I will not extort a further promise. You will then be your own master. But until that time—you pass your word, William!"

"I do. You have it."

"Thank God. Now I am at rest."

"Which is equivalent to undertaking never to marry at all," murmured the unhappy young man, as he rose and quitted the room. "Oh, Mary! how shall I break with you!"

Thus it occurred that Mr. William Elliot, following on the steps of his father, Sir Thomas, who had been down in the morning at Halliwell House, went there also himself, and took his leave of Mary Goring.

VII.
Last winter was a dreary winter for us. Poor Mary, who was pining and drooping, had changed, since the parting in the autumn with William Elliot, from a lovely, healthy girl to a very shadow. She had returned to her studies in the schoolroom with our other pupils, and pursued them with regular monotony. She never complained, she never uttered the name of William Elliot, or made any allusion to past events; but we saw her grow paler and thinner day by day. In that bitter winter which we had, just before Christmas, she caught cold and grew very ill. A new name they have got now for the malady which attacked her: bronchitis; something; I never can remember it, but it was plain inflammation of the windpipe, in my early days. She was confined to her bed for a fortnight, and when she at last got up, she was more like a shadow than before.

January went by, and February came in, and we began to have fears for her eventual recovery. There appeared to be no positive complaint, for the symptoms of her illness had left her, except a cough, but she gained no strength. A remembrance of the way in which her father had gone off would come over me, at times, with a shudder. No decided complaint, yet he had gradually wasted away to death. Was it to be the same case with Mary!

It happened, in this last month, that I had business in town. It was connected with the property of my brother-in-law's children, rendering it necessary for me to seek an interview with the agent of Lawyer Stone, of Middlebury, who made Dr. Goring's will. He was a Mr. Eckington, and lived in a part of the Temple; so I went by the omnibus, the first thing after breakfast. I got into the Temple—that is, into its mazes and windings—and went dodging here and peeping there, in search of my way, for I had never been at Mr. Eckington's but once, and did not readily remember it. However, I reached the right spot at last—I knew it by a neighboring pump, whose handle was pullock—and went mounting up the stairs, a great height, for he lived on the top story. I stood a minute or two to recover my breath—I can not run up seventy or eighty steps as blithely as I once could—and then turned the angle and knocked briskly at the black door. And after I had done that, lo and behold! there stood some great white letters staring me in the face, "Serjeant Pyne."

Serjeant Pyne was not Mr. Eckington, that was certain, but before I had time to deliberate, a boy flung the door open. I asked for Mr. Eckington.

"In there," was the answer, opening an inside door, and I entered the office. I knew the room again directly, though its furniture was different, and I saw the tops of the pleasant green trees that were in view from the window. A gentleman in a grey coat, with a pen behind his ear, rose from a desk and came forward.

"Sir," I said, "I am in search of Mr. Eckington."

"Mr. Eckington! Oh, the former occupant here. He has removed, w'am, to chambers in Lincoln's Inn!"

The gentleman gave me the address, indeed took the trouble to write it down on a card for me, and directed me the best way to go. I thanked him for his civility, which I thought extremely condescending for a serjeant—though it has occurred to me, since, that possibly he was only the serjeant's clerk. I went away, blaming Lawyer Stone's negligence in not having informed me of the removal of his agent, but had only gained the pump, when my steps came to a halt; for it flashed across my mind that the address and number in Lincoln's Inn, just written down for me, was that of Mr. William Elliot.

I looked up the stairs again, when Serjeant Pyne (or his clerk) assured me the address he had given was that of Mr. Eckington; he knew nothing about Mr. William Elliot.

I got into Lincoln's Inn, (where I nearly lost myself), and to my dismay found Mr. Eckington was out. "Gone before the Master of the Rolls," the clerk said, "and might not be in till late." So all I could do was to go back home again, and write and appoint an interview. I had proceeded but a few steps, when I came in view of a young gentleman sailing towards me in a gray wig and black gown, which flew out on all sides with the wind as he walked. I cannot say but I look on the wearers of these gowns with awe, (not that I have ever seen many of them,) and as there appeared scarcely space on the pavement for that gown and me to pass each other, I turned off. If either of us was to give way, it seemed right that it should be poor, humble me. Imagine my astonishment when the gentleman stopped and held out his hand! I drew back, thinking he mistook me for somebody else, and I believe I dropped a courtesy in my humility.

Positively it was Lawyer Stone's son, Bob! And though I had nursed him many a time when he was a child, coaxed him, and kissed him, and once—if I may now confess it—whipped him, I hardly presumed to let my hand meet his in his new dignity.

"How was I to know you in that fine plumage?" I returned. "I thought it might be nothing less than a judge coming along, and stood aside to get out of his way. So you are called!"

"Oh, thank goodness, yes, the worry's over. I'm precious glad of it."

"I went to the Temple to find Mr. Eckington this morning, and heard he had moved here," I observed. "Your father ought to have informed me."

"Eckington is in Elliot's old chambers; took them off his hands," replied Mr. Robert. "Elliot gave up the law, and is going to travel. I did hear he was in the fair, there, so he is off somewhere else. He is up to his ears in preparations for his departure, for he purposes being abroad for years, if not for the term of his natural life—as the bench says by our transports. Hope it may be my luck to say it, some time."

"What is the cause of Mr. Elliot's going?"

"He is in tantrums with his governor. The old folks put a stopper on his marriage with— I declare, Miss Halliwell, I beg your pardon! I forgot, for the moment, how nearly you were connected with the affair. I suppose you know more than I can tell you."

"Indeed, I know very little, beyond the fact that he and my niece are separated, Robert." (I brought the name "Robert" out with difficulty; it seemed too familiar so to address a personage in a wig and gown. Though, indeed, I used to call him nothing but Bob.)

"They first, Sir Thomas and the old lady, retracted their consent to the marriage," he continued, "and then wormed an undertaking out of Elliot not to marry without. Which was like what the school children say to their companions, when they have got a cake from home and want to gormandise it all to their own cheek: 'Them as ask shall have any, and them as don't, don't want!'"

The barrister laughed, and so did I. In spite of his fine gown, he was Bob Stone still. It set me more at ease.

"For our punishment," perversely answered Lady Elliot. "Mine have been."

"They were bestowed on us that we might promote their happiness here, and so lead them to Heaven through their gratitude, their thankfulness of heart," I said. "In that we might selfishly crush their innocent hopes and thwart their wishes, driving them into rebellion, and so on to deceit, recklessness and evil."

"Then, when my father opposed me in my wish to marry," she resumed, almost in a sullen tone, "you would say he ought to have consented to it! Is that your argument? It is a new one."

"No, w'am, I hope such an argument is not mine. Your father was right. The objection was to Thomas Elliot; and it was not a frivolous chimera, as in your son's case. Mr. Frazer thought he was not calculated to make you happy, and his worldly circumstances were against any marriage. The error there lay with you, Lady Elliot. Your duty was to bow to your father's decisions, submissively waiting, hoping that time would subdue the objections. You and Thomas Elliot were both young enough."

"You seem to be pretty well acquainted with my family affairs, Miss Halliwell!"

"I am not a total stranger to them. I was once on the point of marriage with your husband's cousin, the Rev. George Archer; but I think you have heard this before. I have had my sorrows in life, Lady Elliot, as fully as most people—sorrows of the heart, of the inward life, as also of the outer one. But I have striven, by patient resignation, to make the best of them, and they are sorrows to me no more. Yours will pass away, if you so choose, and the world become pleasant to you—always remembering to walk in it as your probation to a better. Try it, Lady Elliot."

"Try what?"

"To make your own happiness; to make your husband's, which you have not yet heartily striven to do; to make your sons, you will live to thank me for having suggested it."

keep William at home, instead of gloom, I will do my part towards it! He look'd, as he spoke, more like the merry Tom Elliot of her girlhood than he had done for years. Hope leaped up into my heart. I thought I saw my way becoming clear, and I explained the purport of my visit to Sir Thomas.

"In point of family, Mary Goring is not inferior to yours; and you and I, Sir Thomas, only narrowly escaped being cousins, in early life."

"Through George Archer, the booby!" uttered Sir Thomas. "You would have saved him Miss Halliwell. But it was not Miss Goring's family we objected to."

"Oh yes, it was in reality. Excuse my speaking freely, Sir Thomas; the subject justifies it. You and Lady Elliot were mortified because William did not choose his wife from the higher ranks of life. But you, Sir Thomas, you, a sensible man, believe that Dr. Goring was guilty! It is impossible that you can do so, if you have dispassionately examined into the details of the affair. Imprudent he was—infracting the no-further marriage law, and he had indeed committed a crime so awful, and upon my own sister, that I would come here to excuse him, to protest there was no stain on his character! No, Sir Thomas! I have my own high and responsible duties in life to perform, and I would not say or do a thing that my conscience disapproves. When I assert Matthew Goring's innocence, I assert what I believe to be as true as that there is a heaven above us!"

He made no reply.

"Think not I come, as a petitioner, to urge my niece's claims, or to protest against her wrongs. No, I come here because it was essential for some one to point out to you both how grievously you were erring, and I believed that the task was allotted to me. To drive William away from his prospects in life is a heavy sin to lay to your door. How will you atone for it?"

Sir Thomas Elliot began pacing the room with uneasy strides. Presently he spoke, but in a reluctant tone.

"Since I first heard of the affair at Middlebury, I have learnt more of its particulars. And I confess that I now think it possible Dr. Goring was so far as regarded his wife's death—an innocent man."

"Then act upon it, Sir Thomas!" I briskly said. "Stop your son's voyage, now at the eleventh hour, and restore things to their former footing."

"Lousia, what do you say?" he asked of his wife. "I told you once before that in this matter I would abide by your decision."

"So Elliot gave his word, and of course will stick to it," he resumed; "but afterwards, when he came to reflect upon the thing, in cool blood, he felt that he had been harshly dealt by—tricked, in short, into promising away what we may call the subject's right of liberty. Altogether, he was disgusted with everything, threw up his profession, and means to throw up Old England. Good morning, Miss Halliwell. I'll tell the governor of his negligence when I write to Middlebury."

"Now it may sound like a made-up incident, like those we read of in a romance, when I assert that soon after parting with Mr. Stone I met William Elliot. But I only state the truth. I was standing in the great thorough-fare looking out for the right omnibus, when he came tearing along, pushing straight forward and looking at nobody, in as much bustle as if he had all the business of the city on his shoulders. I caught his arm to stop him. He looked ill and careworn;